

Good Morning

183

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Down on the Farm with O.S. Patrick Law

Straight
from the
Horse's
Mouth



AND BELOW—
OH! GALLONS,
AND MORE

MANY of you sailor lads must have wondered how your pals spend their leave.

This picture not only shows what one of your number, Ordinary Seaman Patrick Law, of 50 Broadway, Hill Crest Road, Stockport, does to fill in an odd moment when he's at home, but also how he celebrated his 19th birthday just recently.

We didn't know he was home from the seas when we set out, armed with camera and notebooks, to interview his parents.

But when we arrived his mother looked at us inquiringly and declared, "Why, Pat's at home. He's just across the fields at the farm."

So we went to find him. And, yes, it's perfectly true—the picture proves it—he was milking a cow!

The farm, lying peacefully in the hollow of pasture fields next to a group of houses, is but a stone's throw from Pat's home, and your friend told us, "Before I joined up I used to spend a lot of time helping my friends at the farm, and I'm particularly proud of the gaggle of geese we have reared."

Then, with an evil glint in his eye, he added: "And if I'm home for Christmas, maybe I'll be sampling one of them."

DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT!



HOW would you spend £1,000,000? When Wild Billy Ransom, one of America's famous playboys, inherited that sum, he blued the lot inside twelve months in chasing damsels and thrills in all parts of the globe.

Wild Bill was at college when he came into his vast fortune. His first act was to purchase the college, in which he immediately instituted a topsy-turvy routine. Pupils took the places of the masters, and the masters had either to take the places of the pupils or be discharged.

After three days, when the authorities intervened and put a stop to the practical joke, Ransom bought a fleet of 25 high-speed cars. His speed circus created a sensation even in hard-boiled California.

Almost every day he was summoned for speeding. The magistrates imposed the maximum fines, but this did not deter the young spendthrift.

One day he wished to stay at a certain hotel, but found that the place was full. The mana-

ger politely but firmly refused to allow him to use a couch in the office. Ransom then cabled to New York—and bought the hotel.

He ordered a gigantic bed to be set up in the principal lounge, and there he blissfully slept, heedless of the astonished gaze of passing guests and officials. Next day he gave the hotel to the manager!

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MONEY TALKS.

He decided that he would like to be an actor. He toured the offices of the film and theatrical agents, without, however, obtaining an engagement. Then he got into touch with executives higher up. Money changed hands, and the agents received orders to find work for him at any cost.

says Webster Fawcett

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Undeterred, Bill took the whole company for a cruise to the West Indies. A popular dance band was engaged for the trip at a cost of many thousands of pounds, and a thousand bottles of champagne were stowed away in the hold.

Then Ransom married, staging a honeymoon across America in a fleet of balloons.

Two days after they touched the earth his wife started divorce proceedings on the grounds of "mental cruelty."

SO DID HIS WIVES.

He married again after the divorce, but his second wife charged him with "refined cruelty," and the court granted a divorce, ordering him to pay £200,000 in damages. His wife's clothes, it was revealed, cost him £3,000 a week.



JAMES EDWARDS, eighty-four-year-old Paddington bowls champion, tells me he travels nearly two thousand miles a year to compete in several hundred contests.

He has won more rink and triple competitions than any other man of his age. He sure does get around!

WISH I were a submariner at times. For instance, when Kathleen, wife of Lt. A. D. Piper, D.S.C., R.N.R., presented her husband with a bouncing baby, the occasion was celebrated at sea with Dundee cake and sherry.

My guess is that such occasions are engineered to justify a victualling-up session. Heartiest congratulations, Lt. and Mrs. Piper.

AT a recent Press conference in Edinburgh, blood transfusion was one of the items up for publicity. One Pressman asked: "If a transfusion of Scots blood is made to an Englishman, will it give him an appreciation of the music of the bagpipes?" It is a fact that many Scots patients make a request for Scottish blood when that is available, and, incidentally, there are now sixty thousand blood donors in Scotland.

OVERHEARD in the nursery:—"It's no use grumbling, old man. By the time we get a pram we'll be old enough to drive our own cars."

Just as he had reached the end of his fortune, an aunt left him a second fortune, so he carried on with his spendthrift ways. He staged dozens of riotous parties. In the midst of one party he jumped from a skyscraper window—and floated to earth by parachute!

He dressed up as a policeman and held up the traffic. For that escapade he was sent to prison.

When he came out of prison he married a farmer's daughter and settled in the country. He spent a large sum of money installing a whisky still, but the authorities got wind of it, and Wild Bill, a poorer man, went to prison again.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.

William Pitt (1759-1806).

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

London's largest audience hears 'OUR GRACIE'

PERHAPS some of the largest wartime Albert Hall audience went there on Sunday to hear Evelyn Laye, some maybe to see the sailors march and sing, and it is possible that a percentage paid for admission because it was on behalf of King George's Fund for Sailors. Most, though, went to hear and see Gracie Fields.

They waited nearly two hours for her first appearance; she followed that fluffy, frivolous Evelyn Laye who, with the chorus of Naval ratings from H.M.S. "Collingwood," sang an Edwardian medley.

Miss Laye got a Hampden roar, and I wondered if it were fair to Gracie Fields having to follow that.

The girl from the mill in a virginal white satin gown and pink sash appeared and all was quiet. She walked to the microphone and started to sing. Her voice cut the atmosphere and pandemonium reigned. Seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine voices screamed "Gracie." The eighth thousandth mouth was closed because I was staggered.

Order was restored and Gracie sang "The Convoy Must Go Thru," "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," and then, then the big moment. The Gracie we went to see sang the way she used to sing. She clowned through a selection from "The Chocolate Soldier." Then the Lord's Prayer.

In America, a film in which she sang has broken box-office records. It will never be heard in this country; it has been condemned as sacrilege.

In the Royal Albert Hall this pathetic figure stood alone.

Behind her a green backcloth on which was painted a British fleet. To her right, her left, in front and almost above were row upon row of boxes. There were no nudges of appreciation, no cigarettes being lighted. Not a movement, not a sound. The eight thousand looked like cardboard cut-out figures. Amen left a cold silence. Then,

chaos. The girl from the mill who was married to an Italian was a Goddess. It was her moment. Her life, her very world. These people who cast her out had taken her back. She was "Our Gracie" again.

THE favourite lion at the London Zoo is Rota, owned by Mr. Winston Churchill.

When, at the invitation of the keeper, I entered his cage, it was with very great caution. At such a time one is inclined to think, "The idea of being in a cage with Churchill is frightening enough, but his lion..."



Rota, who was brought up in a back garden at Pinner, and presented to the Prime Minister early this year to commemorate his trip to West Africa, is now that he is father of four young cubs, more popular than ever.

The cubs will be called Tunis, Bizerta, Mareth and Alamein. The lion gave me the impression of lacking many of the qualities of his owner. For instance, if you stroke Rota he rolls over on his back and kicks his legs in the air. If you play with his ears he just yawns.

He frequently yawns when in company, and unless he is humoured by scratching or stroking, is likely to roll over and sleep. The reason, I think, is not entirely boredom, but something to do with muscular reflexes.

Mr. Thomson, the previous owner, has recently applied for the adoption of Alamein, and hopes to take him home to Pinner.

WILD BILL GOT A MILLION QUID —AND BLUED IT IN A YEAR

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THE CHIEF MOURNER OF MARNE—Part 3

"WRITTEN IN RED LETTERS"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

"It was a duel," said General Outram. "It was probably the last duel fought in England, and it is long ago now."

"That's better," said Father Brown. "Thank God; that's a great deal better."

"Better than the ugly things you thought of, I suppose?" said the General gruffly. "It's all very well for you to sneer at the pure and perfect affection; but it was true for all that. James Mair really was devoted to his cousin, who'd grown up with him like a younger brother. Elder brothers and sisters do sometimes devote themselves to a child like that, especially when he's a sort of infant phenomenon."

"But James Mair was the sort of simple character in whom even hate was unselfish. I mean, that even when his tenderness turned to rage it was still objective, directed outward towards its object. He isn't conscious of himself. Now, poor Maurice Mair was just the opposite. He was far more friendly and popular; but his success had made him live in a house of mirrors. He was first in every sport and art and accomplishment; he nearly always won, and took his winning amiably."

"But if ever, by chance, he lost, there was just a glimpse of something not so amiable; he was a little jealous. I needn't tell you the whole miserable story of how he was a little jealous of his cousin's engagement; how he couldn't keep his restless vanity from interfering. It is enough to say that one of the few things in which James Mair was admittedly ahead of him was marksmanship with a pistol; and with that the tragedy ended."

"You mean the tragedy began," replied the priest. "The tragedy of the survivor. I thought he did not need any monkish vampires to make him miserable."

"To my mind he's more miserable than he need be," said the General. "After all, as I say, it was a ghastly tragedy—but it was a fair fight. And Jim had great provocation."

"How do you know all this?" asked the priest.

"I know it because I saw it," answered Outram stolidly. "I was James Mair's second, and I saw Maurice Mair shot dead on the sands before my very eyes."

"I wish you would tell me more about it," said Father Brown reflectively. "Who was Maurice Mair's second?"

"He had a more distinguished backing," replied the General grimly. "Hugo Romaine was his second; the great actor, you know. Maurice was mad on acting, and had taken up Romaine (who

was then a rising but still a struggling man), and financed the fellow and his ventures in return for taking lessons from the professional in his own hobby of amateur acting. But Romaine was then, I suppose, practically dependent on his rich friend. So his serving as second proves little about what he thought of the quarrel."

"They fought in the English fashion, with only one second apiece; I wanted to have at least a surgeon, but Maurice bolsterously refused it, saying that the fewer people who knew the better, and at the worst we could immediately get help. 'There's a doctor in the village not half a mile away,' he said. 'I know him, and he's got the fastest horse in the country. He could be brought here in next to no time.'"

"Well," continued the General, "we all knew that Maurice ran most risk, as the pistol was not his weapon; so when he refused aid, nobody liked to ask for it. The duel was fought on a flat stretch of sand on the east coast of Scotland; and both the sight and sound of it were masked from the hamlets inland by a long rampart of sandhills patched with rank grass. There was one deep, crooked cranny in the sandhills through which we came out on the sands. I can see them now; first a wide strip of dead yellow, and beyond a narrower strip of dark red; a dark red that seemed already like the long shadow of a deed of blood."

He hesitated. "And then?" asked the priest.

"And then the thing itself seemed to happen with horrible speed, as if a whirlwind had struck the sand. With the very crack of sound Maurice Mair seemed to spin like a teetotum and pitch upon his face like a ninepin. And, queerly enough, while I'd been worrying about him at that moment, the instant he was dead all my pity was for the man who had killed him."

"I knew that the whole terrible pendulum of my friend's lifelong love would swing back, and that whatever cause others might find to pardon

him, he would never pardon himself."

"And so, somehow, the really vivid thing, the picture that burns in my memory so that I can't forget it, is not that of the catastrophe, the smoke and the flash and the falling figure. That seemed to be all over, like the noise that wakes a man up."

"What I saw, what I shall always see, is poor Jim hurrying across towards his fallen friend and foe, his brown beard looking black against the ghastly pallor of his face, with its high features cut out against the sea; and the frantic gestures with which he waved me to run for the surgeon in the hamlet beyond the sandhills. He had dropped his pistol as he ran; he had a glove in one hand, and the loose and fluttering fingers of it seemed to elongate and emphasise his wild pantomime of pointing or hailing for help."

"That is the picture that really remains with me; and there is nothing else in that picture, except the striped background of sands and sea and the dark, dead body lying still as a stone. And the dark figure of the dead man's second standing grim and motionless against the horizon."

"Did Romaine remain motionless?" asked the priest. "I should have thought he would run even quicker towards the corpse."

"Perhaps he did when I had left," replied the General. "I took in that undying picture in an instant, and the next instant I had dived among the sandhills and was far out of sight of the others. Well, poor Maurice had made a good choice in the matter of doctors; though the doctor came too late, he came quicker than I should have thought possible. This village surgeon was a very remarkable man, red-haired, irascible, but extraordinarily strong in promptitude and presence of mind. I saw him but for a flash as he leapt on his horse and went thundering away to the scene of the death, leaving me far behind."

"But in that flash I had so strong a sense of his personality that I wished to God he had really been called in before the duel began, for I believe on my soul he would have prevented it somehow."

"As it was, he cleaned up the mess with marvellous swiftness long before I could trail back to the seashore on my two feet; his practical impetuosity had managed everything; the corpse was temporarily buried in the sandhills, and the unhappy homicide had been persuaded to do the only thing he could do—to flee for his life. He slipped along the coast till he came to a port, and managed to get out of the country."

"You know the rest," sighed

the General. "Poor Jim remained abroad for many years; later, when the whole thing had been hushed up or forgotten, he returned to his dismal castle and automatically inherited the title."

"I have never seen him from that day to this, and yet I know what is written in red letters in the inmost darkness of his brain."

(To be continued)

FROM "THE SECRET OF FATHER BROWN"

By Permission of the Executrix of Mrs. G. K. CHESTERTON

WANGLING WORDS—138

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after FFE, to make a fabric.
- Rearrange the letters of MITRED REDSKIN, to make a manufacturing town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GOLF into CLUB, SORE into HEAD, HARE into HAIR, OIL into GAS.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SPRINGTIME?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 137

- HEADACHE.
- EVESHAM.
- GOLF, GOLD, BOLD, BALD, BALL, PEAR, DEAR, DEAL, REAL, REAM, ROAM, FOAM, FOAL, COAL, COOL, COOP, CROP, DROP.
- WIND, HIND, HINT, LINT, LIST, LAST, LASS, OUT, PUT, POT, LOT, LOW, LBW.
- Tare, Rate, Tear, Late, Tale, Tire, Rite, Tire, Poet, Lone, Lane, Nail, Lain, Tail, Real, Lair, Toil, Riot, Role, etc.
- Alter, Altar, Trail, Trial, Later, Alien, Ratio, Orate, Natal, Talon, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Looks a sort of broody grouse, doesn't it? Maybe because it happens to be alone. What would you call a bunch of grouse, anyway? Would you say—a Bevy, Brood, Desert, Muster, or a Nide? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 182: A Bevy.

QUIZ for today

- Swarf is native labour, landing-stage for a punt, floor-sweepings, grease for the hair, African Pigmy language?
- Who wrote, (a) Richard Carvel, (b) The Ordeal of Richard Feverel?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Turnip, Carrot, Onion, Marrow, Beetroot, Radish.
- What are orts?
- Who is the present Minister of State?
- Ait is a small island, a rodent, a number, what you did with your dinner?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Galumph, Cupidity, Talck, Stultify, Quotiant, Serviceable.
- How many stripes does a Group-Captain of the R.A.F. wear on his sleeve?
- Who was Mr. Wardle?
- Correct. "The quality of mercy is not strained. It cometh as the gentle rain from Heaven." Who said it?
- St. Swithun's Day is June 15, June 25, July 5, July 15, July 25?
- Complete the pairs: (a) Tristram and —, (b) Tripe and —.

A dwarf sees farther than a giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on. Coleridge.

ODD CORNER

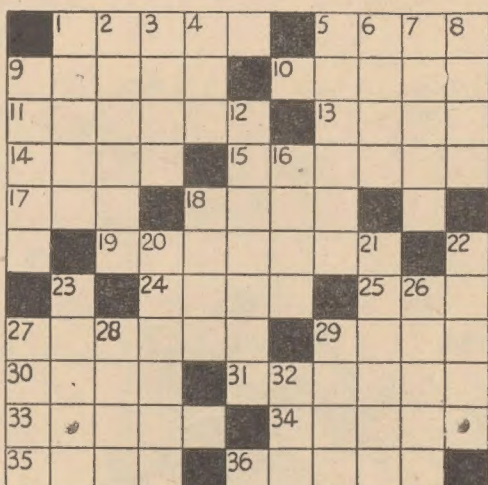
The first "stop-me-and-buy-one" vehicle was used to sell "Sally Lunn" tea-cakes, the vendors singing a song specially written for the purpose by the baker. He had bought the recipe from Sally Lunn herself, who used to sell the cakes on the streets of Bath in the early 19th century.

Certain foods have gone right out of fashion. At Christmas time, 1800, the Bush Tavern, Bristol, had on the menu Roast Bustard, Land Tortoises, Roach, Gudgeon, Perch, Curlew, Bittern, Swans, Owls, Bald Coots, Mews, Sea Magpies, Pork Griskins, Hog's Ears, Collared Eels, and Peacocks.

Answer to Quiz in No. 182

- Bird.
- (a) Galsworthy, (b) H. G. Wells.
- Birmingham is not a capital city; the others are.
- Alan Patrick.
- Shakespeare, in "Hamlet."
- 210 miles.
- Parallel, Cascara.
- Cambridge.
- Robinson Crusoe's coloured servant.
- "Lame dogs." Charles Kingsley.
- The late Sir Kingsley Wood.
- (a) Hope and Charity, (b) Jam yesterday, but never jam to-day.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Number baked.
- Nail.
- Black girl, maybe.
- Loud.
- Emphasis.
- Pain.
- Male beast.
- Meat slice.
- Conclude.
- Veteran sailor.
- Outshine.
- Colours.
- Process tank.
- Bulk.
- Front.
- Eager.
- Big wave.
- On a wall.
- Low seat.
- Equal.
- Allots.

CLUES DOWN.

- Famous essayist.
- Covered walk.
- Row.
- Metal container.
- Vaunts.
- Fertile.
- Pale.
- He changes colour.
- Girl's name.
- Drawn vehicle.
- High mountains.
- Slender.
- American feline.
- Unfold.
- Rigid.
- Popular favour.
- Regions.
- Improvise on piano.
- Traditions and facts.
- Pass lightly.
- Poem.

APPRECIATES
BOLE ARCH U
SLOG MITRED
TOPAZ SEEMS
R LOB DAB
ASP OAR TAG
CLAM GENERA
TIROS SONGS
IDOLIZED OH
N DERIDES E
GUYS PASSED

JANE

Solution to French Towns Puzzle in No. 182.

T	O	U	L	O	N
C	A	N	N	E	S
D	I	E	P	P	E
C	A	L	A	I	S
T	R	O	Y	E	S
A	M	I	E	N	S



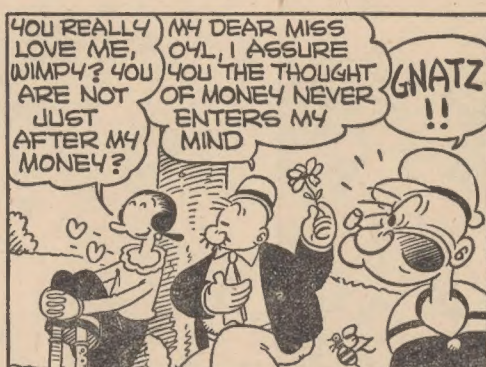
BEELZEBUB JONES



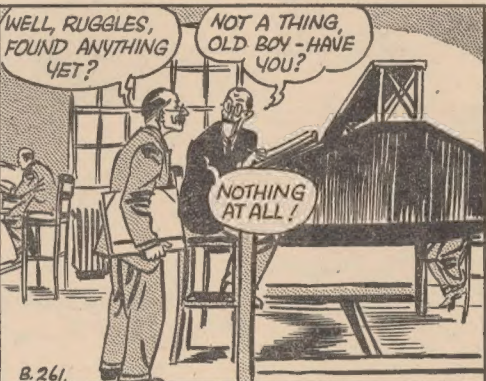
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GRACIE FIELDS

By SHAUN McALISTER

BY this time Gracie Fields is probably at her own home in Hollywood, having completed her most successful tour for the British Services, taking what is definitely a well-earned rest prior to commencing a further series of broadcasts from the United States.

During her stay in England she managed to find time to visit her orphanage and satisfy herself that everything was being taken care of thoroughly, and then just one short look at her house in Peacehaven, which has now become a home for ladies in uniform.

We here in England do not hear very much about American radio with the exception of the news commentaries, Bop Hope's programme, Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, and one or two other famous stars who broadcast special programmes for the British listener. On the other hand Gracie Fields is the most popular English artiste to broadcast to America itself, consequently she is in very great demand, and has to go "on the air" five days in every seven, with completely new material each time. This, of course, necessitates many rehearsals—she told me she sings three new songs in every programme.

There can be no doubt Gracie's wonderful personality on the air is doing a great deal to strengthen the already existing bond of friendship between America and the British Empire.

I was with Gracie throughout her extensive tour in the British Isles, during which we covered almost 5,000 miles in five weeks, taking in our stride the most outlandish parts of the Shetlands and the Orkneys to the most southerly points in the South, thus making it possible for the Services in most parts of the country to see "their own Gracie Fields."

Travel had to be fast in order to avoid disappointment, and whether we went by road, plane or ship, Gracie was always ready to make them laugh as only she can; even after five shows in one day she was always the same sweet-natured Gracie Fields.

Throughout the tour I spent most of my time with Gracie; being her compeer made me a very busy man, too. I had to attend all performances in factory and theatre alike, just to tell the audiences that the following brilliant artiste is none other than Gracie Fields herself.

During our many road journeys, which exceeded the 3,000-mile indicator on the speedometer, I had many interesting talks and discussions with her, and if everyone else could enjoy the same privilege there would be no nasty feelings about Gracie Fields.

She is the acme of simplicity, and is the same to-day as she was twenty-five years ago, when she was rapidly becoming the world's sweetheart, a reputation she built up in rather an unconscious way through her own beautiful nature, and, of course, the most striking personality seen on or off any stage in many a long era. And now, having reached an age when she should, on medical advice, begin to take life a little easier, she has found through years of very hard work she is one of those unfortunate people who simply cannot find true happiness and pleasure in anything else but from the satisfaction in making other people forget the cares of life.

At times she dealt with 8,000 patients at one sitting—and the effect of the tonic could be plainly noticed as the large crowds left the temporary concert halls to resume their work.

This fascinating, infectious atmosphere surrounding Gracie also reached back-stage; as the workers in the factories were affected, so were her fellow-performers, consequently the show was always tip-top, and with such fine artistes as Carlo with his accordion and Myerscough with his violin, the strength of the supporting programme may well be realised.

The many thousands who had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Gracie Fields on this tour owe a debt of gratitude to the Department of National Service Entertainment (E.N.S.A.), and, of course, to Gracie Fields herself.

God bless you, Gracie, wherever you are. We look forward to your next visit to England, and, who knows, perhaps circumstances may alter and we will see your name in lights outside British theatres again.



Gracie Fields with Shaun McAlister

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

Entrance to Cheyney Court, the Cathedral Close, Winchester.



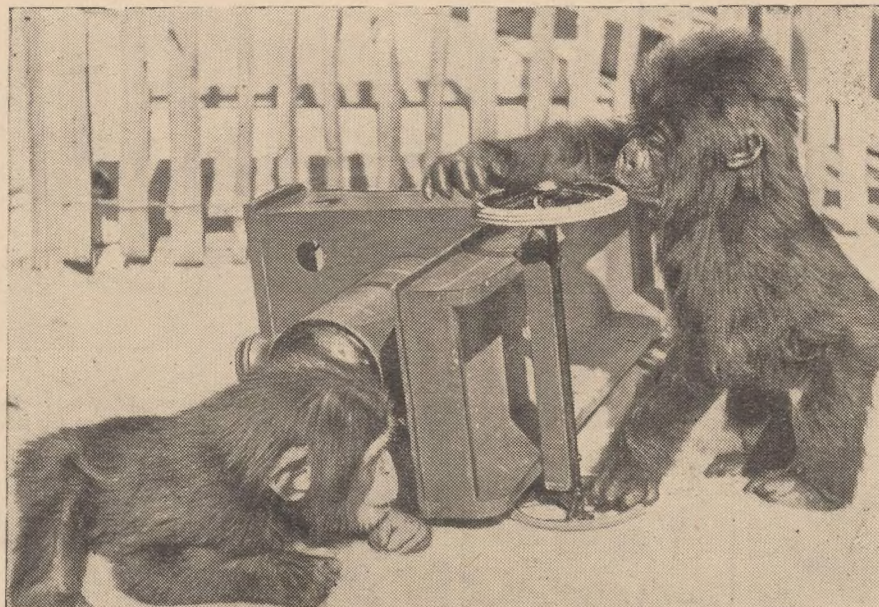
Now we understand what the author meant when he wrote "She leaped at him with an air of sheer abandon."



Either someone's got a darned big family, or someone takes in washing. Hope she doesn't have to iron them all 'fore mornin', anyway.



"I'm not really stealing peas, you know. After all I MUST make sure that I'm collecting the right kind for Mum."



"Hum, you make me feel like a novice, the way you twiddle around with those mechanical mysteries. Boy, oh, boy, don't I wish I'd a gone to night school."

"'salright, youngster, nobody will ever come near you as long as I'm here, so quit worry-in'."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Monkey-' knuts ' obviously."

